



NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION

DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN FAIR.

1ST OCTAVO VOL.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1814.

NO. 10.

IDA OF TOKENBURGH:

OR, THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

(Continued.)

‘YES,’ said she, ‘gracious heaven ! thy decree is right. It is better to die, than to live with such a man.’

She again descended to the projecting precipice, recommended herself to the protection of the holy virgin, reclined her head on the soft moss which covered a part of the rock, and sank into a gentle slumber with tranquil courage regardless of the snakes and venomous reptiles.

Henry now made preparations to seek the body of his murdered Ida.—With tears and heavy sighs his servants fastened together ladders and ropes to descend into the cavern. The count then went with them into the wood, on the other side ; the ladders were made fast to strong oaks, and, by the aid of ropes extended from rock to rock, they descended into the dreadful gulf.

At length they saw, by the light of torches, the bottom ; and count Henry ordered them to let him down with ropes notwithstanding all their entreaties that he would not expose himself to such danger. The cavern, the lower it was descended into, became continually darker ; but the torches from above gave

light, and the count had one in his hand when he was let down. At length he reached the bottom, and looked on it with shuddering ; for he dreaded the fearful sight he expected to find. With a wild gaze he walked slowly forward, and trembling cast only half glances on the other side of the rock, where he supposed the mangled corpse of Ida must lie. But he found her not at the bottom, though he made the most careful search. At every step he trembled with anxious dread ; and as often as he shook his torch to revive its flame he shuddered anew.

‘Ida.’ said he in a faint voice, Ida, forgive me !

But he found not the body which he dreaded so much to find.

‘Alas !’ said he to himself, ‘she hangs among the trees on the side of the rocks, and I am bereft of even the wretched consolation of burying her.’

He raised his torch, and looked among the trees and shrubs, above him, but there neither could he see what he sought. He now ascended the rock, applied his torch to various parts, but still saw nothing. At length he heard near him a sighing voice. He thought it was the complaining ghost of Ida, started with affright, and dared not look around him.

Again he heard a sigh, and at length fearfully turned his eyes and saw—oh

heavens!—his innocent Ida calmly sleeping in a hollow of the rock. A sudden transport of joy deprived him of utterance. He was all eye; and now he gazed repentingly on Ida; looked up with ecstatic thankfulness to heaven, when he observed she had received no wound or injury. He threw himself prostrate before her, kissed the hem of her garments, and bathed her feet with warm tears.

‘Ida, moved in her sleep, and then opened her beauteous eyes. She started up terrified, on the rock, and still more dread did she manifest when she perceived the count. She gazed on him wildly, for a moment, as he lay before her, he stretched out to her his hand, with repentant and humble look, and in a low and inexpressibly moving voice, said to her—

‘My innocent Ida!'

‘Hastily she covered her eyes, and turned her face from him.

‘Ida! exclaimed he; ‘dearest Ida, pardon!'

‘She took her hands from her eyes, turned, and again gazed wildly on him. Then suddenly she raised her arms, and looked upwards to the starry heavens—

‘Count Tokenburg,’ said she with a solemn voice, ‘above those stars resides the judge of us both, and my avenger; I will pray to him that he may forgive you what you have done unto me.’

‘The count embraced her knees, and said—

‘Oh, Ida, forgive me the sudden and violent passion—that raging jealousy which so dreadfully blinded my reason!'

‘Ida replied calmly—

‘Count, when I gave my life for yours you swore to me never to doubt my affection and fidelity, though an angel from heaven should declare me false, and attest the accusation on the body of the Redeemer. You have broken this oath, and murdered me. For that I yet live is the miracle of the angels who protect innocence, and bore me on their wings unhurt. With respect to you I am dead, count Tokenburg. Take me out of this cavern, or leave me here to perish with hunger, as seemeth to you good. I am no longer yours.’

‘She turned coldly from him, with fixed resolution.

‘Cannot repentance move thee, my Ida?’ said the count, and kissed the edge of her garment. ‘The mercy of heaven may be obtained by penitence; the judge of the world is to be appeased by repentance.’

‘God is all powerful, and can suffer no injury;—but what shall protect my weakness against your blind pride, against your frantic passion? No, count Henry, I now know that jealousy is the offspring of pride and hatred, and not of love.’

‘Of hatred! Oh, Ida! I conjure thee do me not this injustice.’

‘Or of contempt; for what is love without confidence? Take me out of this cavern.’

‘By the time the morning began to dawn they were both drawn up out of the dreary gulf. But though count Henry now fell at the feet of Ida, embracing her knees, and with many tears and sighs entreated her to forgive him, and return with him to the castle; and though all his attendants and vassals came round her, and joined with him in his supplication, she stedfastly refused. Henry was at length almost inclined to employ force; but his servants would not have dared to lay their hands on the saint whom heaven had so wonderfully preserved. Ida resolutely left her kneeling suppliants, and took her way to Finchingen. The count and his attendants followed her to the gate of the convent.

‘When she arrived there, the abbess likewise joined her entreaties for the count; but Ida would not consent again to live with him, but passed the remainder of her life here, in sacred silence and retirement in this cell.

‘When a nun once asked her—‘Ida, how couldst thou withstand so much love?’—She replied:—‘Love didst thou say? Can that be love which will suffer the mere sight of my ring in the hand of another to erase from his remembrance my tried fidelity and affection?’

‘She yielded not to the request of her relations, nor to that of count Kiburg, whom she honoured as her father, but remained and died here in the convent.—In her last confession she declared that she had never ceased to love count Hen-

ry, though she would never consent again to live with him. She dedicated this altar, and the picture over it, to the angels who had borne her down the rock. A learned monk wrote her history as she related it to him, and deposited a copy of it in the convent.

(To be continued.)

FEMALE MANIAC.

(Concluded.)

SHE re-appeared some days afterwards on the summit of a rock, hitherto supposed inaccessible except to eagles and chamois. Attempts to take her once more were multiplied, but were constantly unsuccessful: it was useless also to attempt to discover her name and her country.

It was however, generally believed, and some expressions which had escaped from the unfortunate woman strengthened that opinion, that she had married a Frenchman, whom revolutionary events had driven into Spain; she followed him into his exile; that this couple having determined to return to their country, arrived at the foot of the Pyrenees, where they met with those dangers which they were endeavouring to shun. Robbers attacked them—plundered them of every thing, to their very garments, and even raised their murderous hands against the husband's life.—He perished; the unfortunate wife being obliged to witness the horror of that bloody scene, lost her reason, which sunk under the weight of her affliction; she penetrated beyond port Auzot, wandered along the savage summits of the Pyrenees, and with a heart broken, and brain disordered, arrived at that formidable enclosure, whose imposing aspect stopped the wanderer's course. Entertained in these parts with the most sorrowful images, she was stopped there by that conformity she discovered between the disorder of nature in that spot, and that of her own soul; there she resolved to consign herself without reserve to inconsolable affliction, to suffer and to die alone and unknown in the bosom of nature, in the midst of that gloom, the awful furniture of which nature displays in those places.

She was some times observed to tear up the wild plants, to plunge into the lake, or descend into the torrent to seize the fish; but for the most part she was seen in the attitude of reflection and of grief, and resembling a statue as immovable as the rock upon which she stood.

The winter nevertheless, was approaching—the snow which occupied the summits of the mountains was progressively advancing and forcing into shelter the flocks and the shepherds; the heights were abandoned. The inhabitants and the Pastor deplore the lot of the unfortunate unknown. "Ah without doubt say they, "she will be torn in pieces by the beasts of prey, or if she should escape their murderous teeth, her frozen body after yielding to the horrors of hunger, or the keen arrows of pinching cold, is buried under heaps of snow."

What was their astonishment when they saw her again on the return of the fine season, still naked, running along the accustomed heights! They looked upon this species of resurrection as a prodigy, the mystery of which they could not explain, and which they were eager to publish to the neighbouring districts.

M. Vorgnies, Judge of the Paix de Viedessos, was informed of it; this magistrate proceeded to the place. Thro' his care the unfortunate woman was again caught—He caused her to be clothed; he endeavoured to gain her confidence: made her take some crude undressed victuals; and endeavoured to draw from her the secret of her misfortune. For a long time she opposed the most obstinate silence to those questions he put to her in the softest but most earnest manner; at length, when he asked her how it happened that the bears did not devour her, "the bears!" she replied, "they are my best friends—they keep me warm."

The bear of the Pyrenees is of a gentle nature—he spares the weak, and is terrible only to those who dare to provoke him. He retires at the approach of winter into a savage cavern, and passes some months buried in a kind of lethargic slumber.

Might it not be possible that this woman, impelled by cold to enter into that frightful habitation, kept herself warm during the rigour of winter by participating in the beds of the bears, which she, to all appearance never quitted, but for the purpose of catching fish in the torrents, or gathering the fruit of the pine-tree in the neighbouring forest?

Nevertheless, torments still more piercing than any she had yet endured were reserved for this unfortunate female.—She was conducted to Boix, that she might enjoy in that place such assistance as the public compassion might supply. It is very possible that if she had been placed in a situation suitably chosen, and entrusted to the care of a person of feeling and good sense, the gloomy vapours of melancholy which obscured her reason might have been dissipated.

But this unfortunate creature was pursued by her sad destiny; At first she was disposed of in the hospital, from which she was afterwards withdrawn, on the pretence that she disturbed the order of the place, and was conducted to an old strong castle, which at present is used as a prison. This habitation, built on an enormous rock, detached from the other mountains, and which rising rapidly from the bottom of a valley, elevated three large Gothic Towers to an immense height, is well adapted to excite ideas of fright and terror. As soon as the wretched creature saw herself shut up in this place, dark despair took possession of her; the access of her madness returned, and she never ceased to make the walls of her prison re-echo her miserable lamentations.

A hard hearted jailor, upon whom the unfortunate had no stronger claim of right than the criminal, for the purpose of getting rid of the uneasiness which her cries excited, conceived and executed the project of causing her to descend into another prison, humid and dark, formed by an excavation of the rock directly under one of the towers before mentioned. He placed some water and coarse food before her, and no longer concerned himself about paying her any attention.

Returning, after some days, to her

prison, or (to speak more correctly) to that fosse where he had the barbarity to bury her alive—her, whose misfortunes the bears more compassionate than he had respected, he found lifeless.

Such was the tragical end of this unhappy female. We know in part only the long affliction which she underwent, but the tomb still conceals the secret of her name and birth, and the mournful cause of that deep and obstinate chagrin, the violent concussions of which over-turned her reason.

Let us deplore her mournful catastrophe, and honour—at least, with a tear—the memory of this wonderful victim of conjugal affection.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

—
TO CÆLEBS.

AN unavoidable absence from the city occasioned in the first place, the silence which has thus long been maintained, and which perhaps would not now have been broken, had it not been urged in a second epistle. Reason has resumed her control, and suggested to the inconsiderate Emma, that there are many persons, who delight to subvert actions springing from the purest source; and who would view the public method she adopted in hopes of finding one whose heart beat in sweet unison with hers (and for whom she had in vain sought in the circle of her acquaintances) in a different light from herself, and think it inconsistent with that delicacy and reserve, which so particularly characterizes a female. I equally disapprove of an entire submission to, or independence of the opinion of the world, but think the medium should be regarded.

You did me justice in trusting that I would believe you possessed of the qualifications you mentioned. I was not so sanguine in my expectations as to hope to meet with perfection this side Eternity, and few, very few, are there whose characters are so unsullied as to have no glaring fault to obscure their brightness. From a temper sometimes passionate, possessed by a person

conscious of his fault, and who acknowledges it with so much candor, serious consequences are seldom to be apprehended. By saying that "I was romantic enough to wish for happiness in the conjugal state," I meant simply that at present, most persons who enlist under the banners of Hymen, consider marriage as founded on the solid basis of convenience, and love is an article commonly omitted in the treaty: they may indeed wish to possess happiness if they have any notion of it, independent of the gratification of their mercenary views: but without hesitation they sacrifice it at the altar of ambition, and surely such conduct, evinces that it is only a secondary motive. As my ideas are different from these, they may (although the term is not very justly applied) be termed romantic. Be it my lot to dwell far from this

"World of noise and din, where all
is empty shew or vulgar folly,"

surrounded by the beauties of nature, the charms of friendship, and the delightful intercourse of cultivated minds. Amidst such scenes the stream of time flows, not like the turbulent torrent, which rushes in unequal cadence, as impelled by the tempestuous winds, nor like the sluggish pool, whose waters rest in dull stagnation: but glides cheerfully along like the clear rivulet of the valley, whose surface is unruffled by the blast of the mountains, and whose bosom reflects the verdant landscape through which it passes.

Love is a noble and generous passion, founded on a pure and ardent friendship, on an exalted respect, and on an implicit confidence in its object: these can only be obtained by habits of social and frequent intercourse. Pardon me then *Cœlebs*, if I observe, that the attachment which you profess towards one to whose name and person you are an entire stranger, and of whom the only knowledge you have, is obtained from her own description, is not altogether consistent with the dislike which you have expressed towards "protestations made by the lips while the heart is unaffected."

EMMA.

EXPORTATION OF WIVES.

(From a Carolina Paper.)

Among the many very singular circumstances which attended the settlement of this country, I have found no one that has given me more entertainment than the exportation of wives from England, for the colony of Virginia. Dr. Belknap, in his American Biography, a work replete with information and entertainment, has given us the following short account of that very uncommon article of merchandize.

"It seems to have been a general sentiment among these colonists, not to make Virginia the place of their permanent residence, but after acquiring a fortune, by planting and trade, to return to England. For this reason, most of them were destitute of families and had no natural attachment to the country. To remedy this material defect, Sir Edward Sandys, the new treasurer, proposed to the Company to send over a freight of young women to make wives for the planters. This proposal with several others made by that eminent statesman was received with universal applause, and the success answered their expectations. Ninety girls, 'young and uncorrupt,' were sent over at one time, (1620) and sixty more, 'handsome and well recommended,' at another, (1621.) These were soon blessed with the objects of their wishes. The price of a wife, at first, was one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco; but as the number became scarce, the price was increased to one hundred and fifty pounds, the value of which in money, was three shillings per pound. By a subsequent act of assembly, it was ordained, that 'the price of a wife should have the precedence of all other debts, in recovery and payment, because, of all kinds of merchandize, this was the most desirable.'

Ah, desirable indeed! The hearts of those rustic bachelors must have leaped for joy. And could that 'most desirable object be now obtained for so trifling a quantity as 'one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco,' there would not be a bachelor found in the country. Our beaux, by only preserving the remains of their segars, might soon pur-

chase what, perhaps, their gallantry could never acquire. Our desert country would soon be converted into beautiful fields, waving with that delicious weed; and a sweet flavour would arise, testifying our attachment to the fair sex. In short, Messrs. Printers, I would myself immediately become a tobacco planter.

QUID.

Variety.

THE reply of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, to the Lawyers, when he was obliged to break 40,000 of them, would be very opposite to the noisy Lawyers of the present day. They asked him how they could find employment? To which he replied, that he would find them employment, in fighting for their country: they might go and enlist, and those who were not tall enough for grenadiers, would do for light infantry; and those who were too short for the infantry, would do for drummers: so that the least of them would have it in his power to make *as much noise as ever*.

WHEN the celebrated English actress, Mrs. Cibber, was in Dublin, she sung in the oratorio of the Messiah. A certain bishop was so struck with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from saying, loud enough to be heard by numbers round him, *Woman, thy sins be forgiven thee.*

CURE FOR A CANCER.

Take the narrow leaved Dock root, boil it in soft water, wash the ulcer with the strong decoction warm as it can be borne; fill the cavity with the liquor for two minutes, then scrape the hulk of the root, bruise it fine, put it on gauze and lay it over every part of the ulcer, dip a linen cloth in the decoction, and put that over the gauze; repeat this three times in twenty four hours, and at each time let the patient take a wine glass of the tea made of the root with one third of a glass of Port wine sweetned with honey.

AN USEFUL HINT.

THE difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years; supposing a man to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,000 hours, or three years 121 days and sixteen hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years, so that it is the same as if ten years of life, a weighty consideration, were added, in which we could command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds, or the dispatch of business.

Morality.

ON STUDY.

"With study pale and midnight vigils spent."

BLAIR.

Study is generally inspired by the love of knowledge. Knowledge may be acquired by study, but nothing can be obtained without it; and youth is the time for study. To be studious is a commendable quality in a young person. It is, however, oftentimes very much abused, for some people apply so much that they injure their health, which not unfrequently proves fatal. A person who ruminates intensely ought to pay particular regard towards regularity in his meals. To study much at night is hurtful to the sight. The morning is the best time for application, and then the remaining part of the day should not be employed in the same manner, because too much thought occasions dejection of spirits. But a moderate exercise of the intellect cannot injure any body.

The two chief things to be recommended in study are, perseverance and attention. Perseverance and attention must be united together, for without perseverance there can be no attention, and without attention perseverance will fail. United together, they conquer what seems otherwise unconquerable. In the building of a house perseverance reigns, for the architect cannot command it to rise up all at once, like the walls of Thebes, at the sound of Amphion's lyre; but by perseverance and by hard labour, he patiently places one stone above another, till the whole structure is compleated.

Seat of the Muses.

STANZAS

Taken from elegiac lines on the death of a young lady, by *Edwin C. Holland*, esq. of Charleston, S. C.

" THERE was a flower of beauteous birth,
Of lavish charms and chasten'd dye,
It smiled upon the lap of earth,
And caught the gaze of ev'ry eye.

The vernal breeze, whose steps are seen,
Imprinted in the early dew,
Ne'er brush'd a flow'r of brighter beam,
Or nurs'd a bud of lovelier hue !

It blossom'd not in dreary wild,
In darksome glen, or desert bow'r ;
But grew, like Flora's fav'rite child,
In sun-beam soft, and fragrant show'r.

The graces lov'd with chastened light,
To flush its pure celestial bloom,
And all its blossoms were so bright,
It seem'd not form'd to die so soon.

Youth round the flow'ret ere it fell,
In armor bright was seen to stray,
And beauty said, *her* magic spell,
Should keep its perfume from decay.

The parent stalk from which it sprung,
Transported as its halo spread,
In holy umbrage o'er it hung,
And tears of heaven-born rapture shed.

Yet, fragile flow'r ! thy blossom bright,
Though guarded by a magic spell,
Like a sweet beam of evening light,
In lonely hour of tempest fell.

The death blast of the wintry air,
The cold frost and the night wind came,
They nipt thy beauty once so fair !
It shall not bloom on earth again !"

ON MONEY.

OH money ! thou master of all things below,
Of each chain thou'rt the principal link ;
What can purchase a friend, or can buy off a
foe,
Or make black appear like the chink.

Your lawyers, physicians, in short every tribe,
Who to eat dip their pen in their ink,
Would they write, or advise, consult or pre-
scribe,
Were it not for the sake of the chink ?

Of men and of women, high, low, great and
small,
'Tis the life, 'tis victuals, the drink ;
'Tis a good universal acknowledg'd—all, all
Revive at the sound of the chink.

No more talk of Cupid, for thine far above,
His power to nothing can sink ;
I doat to distraction; could have her I love,
Alas ! if I had but the chink.

THE SEASON.

HAVE ye seen the fresh bud which the lilac
is bearing,

Just peeping to view, if the winter be past ?
Have ye heard the soft notes of the blue bird
so daring.

Who heeds not thus early the spring's chilly
blast ?

O Lucilia, 'twill come ! and again shall we see,
The rose in full bloom, and the tulip so gay ;
For the queen of the year hath bespoke them
for thee,
And the snow-drop and blue-bells are now
on their way.

Then we'll stray o'er the mead where the cow-
slip shall glow,
So dazzling and bright with its blossoms of
gold ;
We will stray o'er the hills where the daisy
shall blow,
Nought but joy shall we hear, nought but
beauty behold.

And the woodbine which creeps round thy
window shall shower,
With thy midsummer dreams its soft balm
on thy head ;
And the vine which entwines on thy favorite
bower,
Its curtain at noon o'er thy langour shall
spread.

But ah, why is thy brow thus with grief over-
shaded,
Why reigns dark despair in thy desolate
heart ?
For the spring shall revive what the winter
hath faded,
And nature new life to thy bosom impart.

Yes, Lucilia, away with these phantoms of fear,
Joy shall sparkle again in thy lusterless eye,
When its beam shall no more be obscur'd by
a tear,
And thy bosom no longer shall heave with
a sigh.

Sweet season, return, bearing health on thy
wing,
And gilding with smiles the wan cheek of
despair ;
Exulting I'll watch how again they shall spring
The roses of hope o'er the lilly of care.

PIGRAM.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

Officious art ! how could'st thou e'er invent
The use of veils ! which surely must be meant
To hide deformity, and not to screen
The face where elegance is seen.
Ye fair, who are so lucky to possess
The charms of beauty in its native dress,
Give up yout unfit veils to those poor creatures,
Whom NATURE hath not grac'd with hand-
some features.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

On Monday, the 39th anniversary of American Independence was celebrated in this city, in the customary manner, and we are happy to add, with unusual spirit, unanimity and devotion. The day was announced by the roar of cannon from the navy-yard, battery, and forts in the harbour, and the French national (royal) brig Olivier, who honored it with a salute of 18 guns. The bells of the city were rung for an hour, and the flags of the nation and friendly powers were displayed on the different public edifices, hotels, &c. and vessels in the harbour during the day. The city artillery, horse and foot, made a handsome parade during the forenoon, were reviewed by the U. S. general Lewis, with the commanding officers of the corps, and were dismissed on the battery at an early hour, after going through the firings with the great guns and musketry, by divisions, platoons, and a feu-de-joie. At noon the salutes were repeated.

The Olivier was elegantly decorated with flags, and the gun-boats, and some private vessels, dressed in honor of the festival. The political and benevolent societies paraded with renewed zeal and numbers, and the whole community appeared to enjoy the grateful commemoration with a degree of animation not witnessed for many years. The weather (from the repeated and needful showers on Sunday) was remarkably fine; and among the immense crowds which thronged the streets, nothing occurred to interrupt the enjoyment and hilarity of the occasion.—*Columbian*.

We are sorry to state the death of Col. Forsythe, of the Rifle corps. It appears he was killed in an attack of a British picket guard, near Odletown; and it is said was the only person then killed.

On Thursday arrived at Sandy Hook, the Essex Junior, armed ship, as a Cartel having on board capt. Porter, and the surviving crew of the late U. S. Frigate Essex, which ship we are sorry to announce was captured at Valparaiso, a town of Chili, situate on the Pacific Ocean, on the 28th March last, by the British Frigate Phœbe and Cherub Sloop of war, after a gallant and most desperate resistance of two hours and a half, against a very superior force. The Essex had fifty eight killed, sixty three wounded and thirty one missing.—Total 152, out of 255 men. Among the killed is her first and third lieutenant, and her sailing master severely wounded; besides a number of petty officers killed and wounded. This battle was fought close to the shore, and very near some Spanish batteries. Previous to the engagement it is said one million of dollars was landed at Valparaiso from the Essex.

The Portuguese ship St. Jose Indiano, from Liverpool for Rio Janeiro, with a cargo said to be valued at 5 or 600,000 dollars, has arrived at Portland, a prize to the Yankee privateer.

On Tuesday last, sailed for France, the French King's brig Olivier, (which arrived here the 9th ult.) with dispatches for the French Government.—The appearance of the Bourbon flag, after an absence of more than 20 years was highly gratifying to many, as well as to those unfortunate Emigrants here, who have long been exiled from their native country.—Col. Gondreville, of the ancient French artillery, we are informed was among the first in this city, who displayed the white cockade and cross of St. Louis on the arrival of the above vessel, as was the French Gen. Villot, in Baltimore; nor can we forbear to mention the fidelity of a coloured man, called *Francis Adonis*, a barber by profession, and formerly attached to the household of Louis the 16th, who mounted his chapeau, at the sight of the brig's colours, after carrying it under his arm, (going bare-headed in all weathers,) ever since the death of the king, a space of more than 20 years.

Marriages.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Mortimer, Mr. Joseph G. Peters, to Miss Arrabella Butler, eldest daughter of Thomas C. Butler, esqr.

By the rev. Mr. Brady, Mr. James Fletcher, to Mrs. Mary Shaw.

By the rev. Dr. Milledolar, Mr. John F. Delaplaine, to Miss Julia Ann Classon, daughter of Isaac Classon, esqr.

By the rev. Mr. Mitchell, Mr. George Lawton, to Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon, both of this city.

At Bloomingdale, by the rev. Dr. Harris, Dr. John Cooper, to Miss Rebecca Hardenbrook, daughter of W. A. Hardenbrook, esqr. of this city.

Obituaries.

DIED.

Suddenly, by the stroke of a palsey, Mr. John Thomas, a native of Wales.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brenton, relict of the Hon. James Brenton, late of Halifax (N. S.) in the 67th year of her age.

Mrs. Mary Nesbit, a native of Ireland, in the 29th year of her age.

Suddenly, in the 51st year of her age, Mrs. Johanna Kelly, wife of Samuel Kelly, of West Farms.

At Morristown, (N. J.) Cornelius Schermerhorn, Junr. esqr. eldest son of Mr. Cornelius Schermerhorn, of this city.

At Trenton, Mrs. Lydia Barnes.